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If there's one thing 2017 brought us, it's perspective. This year marked the forced surfacing of much of the country's most thinly veiled secrets, namely; white supremacy, a complete lack of knowledge of human rights and the political system, and the desire to not give Beyoncé her rightfully earned awards.

When you're faced with this level of sensory stupidity overlode, taking time to get away is not only vital for your mental health, but also for the success of the fight upon your return home.

Here at *The Rutgers Review*, we found the best place to escape to was one so uncharted, that if we could learn from it, we might just be able to turn our real life nightmare into something a little sweeter; like a *DREAM*.

Eric Weck
EDITOR-in-CHIEF

←----- FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS



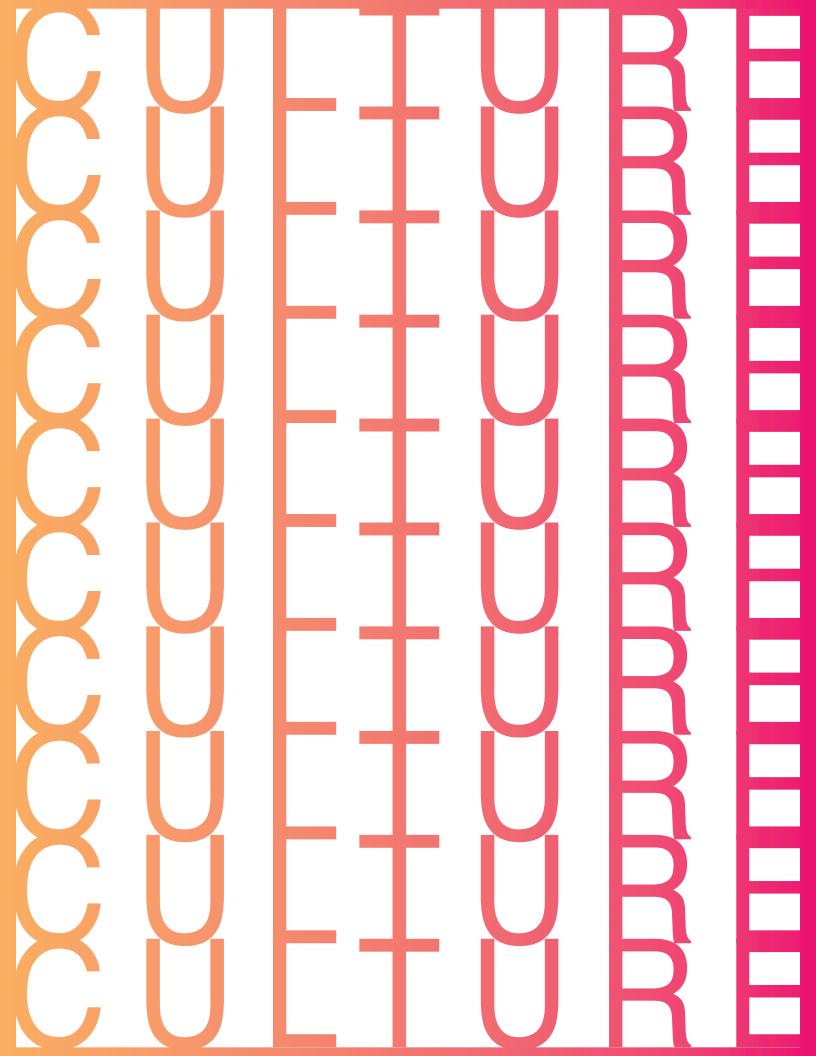
Jordan Meyers (Class of 2020) is *The Review*'s Potpourri Editor, majoring in Communication and double minoring in Creative Writing and DCIM. She's always had an affinity for writing, and is currently cultivating her first poetry collection, entitled *Strawberry Jam*. Jordan also enjoys immersing herself in the music scene and creative culture on campus, as well as her leadership position at the special interest dorm for the arts, Demarest Hall. There, she manages a band called The Off Brand and books monthly coffeehouse events with local acts.



Esra Abdulrahman (Class of 2020) is a contributor, majoring in Political Science and Philosophy, and minoring in Italian, Classics and Middle Eastern Studies. She enjoys listening to music, particularly punk & classic rock, but will listen to everything (she literally means everything). Esra has a soft spot for film, music, fashion and art from the 1970s. Her favorite band is The Clash, and she loves trekking out to NYC for shows, but also enjoys the New Brunswick scene. Esra delights in making everything an adventure, and writing has become her latest!



Brielle Diskin (Class of 2019) is a featured contributing writer at The Rutgers Review. Brielle is pursuing a B.A. in Journalism with the School of Communication & Information at Rutgers University and double minoring in Creative Writing and Cinema Studies. She is a taco enthusiast with a passion for her Netflix account. Frequently found sporting a fur coat, black boots and chipped red nail polish, Brielle is a passionate storyteller for all things arts, entertainment and pop culture.



Flexible Dieting // Steven Costa

and food is something to be enjoyed! tivity level. The reality behind many not sustainable.

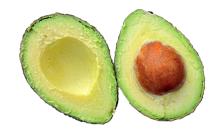
but it also serves as a cornerstone to or fats, or both. many of the world's cultural systems. Food is fuel, but it is also happiness and connection. Therefore, it is difficult to conceptualize cutting certain foods out of one's diet in order to achieve a preconceived, mainstream definition of a healthy lifestyle.

The pressure to be healthy and eat used in conversation.

amongst hundreds of others. Many taining a healthy body. go as far as believing they need to cut carbs out entirely! Unfortunately, Cutting one of those drastically is fast muscle gain, reverse dieting, and these are misconceptions that don't doing your body a disservice and is maintenance. Flexible dieting allows do a healthy and rewarding lifestyle potentially dangerous. The problem you to eat the way you want to eat, justice.

monly known as "Macros", provides a can keep this up for a few months,

Typically, dieting is not seen as solution. All flexible dieting consists but as soon as they come out of that people's diets is that they aren't eating Food not only brings people together, enough protein and overeating carbs Counting your macros, which you



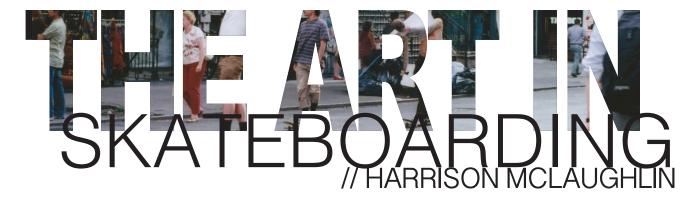
healthy is overwhelming and even Sure, a person can have a 2,000 cal- your wholesome foods and fitting all discouraging. In fact, it is impulsive orie diet, but if 90% of those calories of that into your macros, you'll be for the majority of people to think are coming from carbs and fats, that able to build sustainable control over about the foods they'll have to cut out person is not feeding their bodies time because you're feeding your inof their diet and stay away from as what they need. Carbs are our body's dulgences in a healthy and sustainsoon as the word diet is mentioned, main energy source; fats also serve as able way, so it even promotes greater whether it was meant to spark the an energy source, are used to regulate levels of control. You can eat healthmotivation to take up a diet or just and promote many bodily functions, ier foods and get your micronutriare essential for vitamin absorption, ents, minerals and vitamins, all the and are vital for maintaining healthy while being able to fit your favorite "I'll have to stay away from donuts," hormonal balances; proteins are donut, cookie, ice cream, etc. "no more cookies for me," and "I have needed for cell repair and growth. to eat lasagna one more time before Therefore, we can see how all of these Avatar nutrition, the system I use, Monday," are common thoughts, macronutrients are vital for main- can even give you macros based on

with many people who go on diets is and, speaking from personal experithat their first instinct is to cut fats ence, will dramatically improve your This is where flexible dieting, com- and/or carbs. The most committed relationship with food.

I an enjoyable endeavor. In fact, of is counting your carbohydrate, fat, diet, they begin to binge eat and gain many loathe the idea of dietary disci- and protein needs. These needs are all that weight back (sometimes, even pline — life is already so constricting, based on your goal weight and ac- more) because that way of eating is

> can get through many reputable sources like Ownyoureating or Avatar Nutrition, can put you onto a very sustainable and enjoyable lifestyle, and you can change your settings based on your goals. You can eat your favorite sweets and treats as long as they fit your macros. Obviously, you'll have to have control, but by being able to eat those foods along with

> the degree of your goals: slow/moderate/fast fat loss, slow/moderate/



hen you think of skateboarding, you might only think 'Tony Hawk'., or you might actually even know a thing or two. But despite any previous knowledge you may have, you probably never thought of skating as anything else other than a sport. There is a whole new era of skaters and a different culture of skating that doesn't yet get the attention it deserves.

Skating is an art form that can be looked at almost like a dance. It takes precision, balance, patience, and hard work. Instead of hitting the streets or halfpipes, though, this new culture of skating takes it to the mountains, canyons, monuments, and some of the most beautiful spots around the world.

At the top of this movement is Kilian Martin, a Spanish skater who sees the elegance of jumping, flipping and sliding on a board. He travels the world to skate the most well known, yet untouched regions of different countries. Martin describes his style of art in an interview he did with CNN in 2014, "The world is my canvas and my board is my brush." Martin's vision and goal isn't to change the culture of skating but to create a new innovative style of art.



He has created short films of some of the different countries he's 'painted' on, including India Within, Searching Sirocco, A Skater Illustration, and many more.

Just recently, Apple released their Apple Watch Series 3. They too noticed Martin and his artistic vision and decided to share it in their latest commercial. The commercial was shot in a busy train station in Kiev, Ukraine as it beautifully captures the artistic side of skateboarding.

Martin and his unique style isn't just the start of a new skating movement, it can serve as an inspiration for everyone to go after their dreams. He shows us that through hard work and determination, you can make your vision a reality.

on forgiveness



facebook likes

// ERIC WECK

Why do we feel the need to perform our grieving in the most profound way possible?

can't explain the perplexity I dealt with upon finding out that a neighbor from my hometown and fellow Rutgers classmate had died last year. As always, it was strange to think that someone that was so there during so much of my life, now, was just, not anymore. Nevertheless, that was nothing more than the normalcy of the incomprehension of death; it's hard to accept that something we've known for so long is now gone forever.

The real upset of the situation came when I logged into Facebook the next day; my feed was filled with both high school and university classmates that had written about all the good things that person had done during their life. I read a few and moved on with my day, not surprised but a bit annoyed — I had had a different experience with the person in our interactions.

Before I logged off, however, I noticed a post from one of my lifelong best friends, who was also a high school and Rutgers classmate. They went on about how much this person meant to them, and all of the memories the two of them had together, speaking on the individual's undying spirit and good nature.

I, upon reading this, was furious. My best friend, who I had drifted apart from over the years,

was ravaged by this person they had spent all of six years and two cities playing with my friend's feelings, harassing them, and both emotionally and physically abusing them. I was there to pick up the pieces left of someone I cared deeply about by this person time and time again, watching them act like nothing happened while they held my friend in a trap; the cycle of abuse would repeat itself several times over the course of these years, making it feel like an eternity.

Nonetheless, my friend was writing deeply and with intent about the undying soul of this waste of space. They decided that, despite all that the person had done to them, it would be a good idea to speak to all one thousand or so friends of theirs about just how amazing and undeserving of harm their abuser was.

While this scenario undoubtedly has to do with the branded illegitimacy society places on abuse, as well as the common perspective of abuse as love, a different side of this phenomenon sparked my interest. This, being the performativity of grief, was something that has always intrigued me. I don't think I ever fully understood the concept of performing my sadness, and was always kind of appalled by how it bound people together in such a seemingly fake, ingenuine way.

Since adolescence, tears have been something that I have expelled quite sparingly, so when I finally, upon my fourth grandparent's death, began to cry, my mom seemed almost happy. I remember her saying, "it's ok to cry Eric, let it out. It's so great to see how much Pa meant to you"

little did she know that the reason for my tears wasn't much more than the general emotional environment of the funeral service that day.

In fact, I kind of hated my grandfather; he was a prejudice, insensitive asshole that made little attempt to connect with me during our overlapping time together in this world. This

undeniably contributed to my mom's understanding of meas largely heartless and in different to many of these same societal conventions that, to put it simply, I just saw as pointless.

Over the course of the years in between and up until now, her outrage, as well as my friend's Facebook words, sparked up the self-debate that I write about here

why do we feel the need to perform our grieving in the most profound way possible? This indecipherable ideal states that the more visually, somatically, and, now, digitally upset you are, the better you prove your love for not only the person who has passed, but also for your role in society.

Completing this performance means upholding the same Christian-centric, Western values that try to, through Facebook posts and Instagram pictures, make a martyr out of just about everyone that lived, no matter how shitty they were during their lifetime. This is the same harmful conventional rhetoric that says that white male supremacist mass shooters were "troubled souls" and "the friendliest of guys" before they murdered masses of innocent people, and it is the same rhetoric that enables men with this same supremacist ideology to rape and kill women with little to no repercussions after the fact.

The point that I am trying to get to is that, ultimately, it is ok to hate. It's even ok to be happy after someone's death. You don't have to post a slideshow of your time together, or talk about the good times before they went bad. In fact, you can do the opposite. Bare your scars for all to see write about the torture that you ensued at their "fun loving, always kind" hands. Or, don't. Whatever you do, just know that your decisions are valid. Your trauma is valid. You are valid. And if they don't agree with that, fuck them. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTER-TAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAIN-MENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTER-TAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAIN-MENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND EN-TERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND EN-TERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND EN-TERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

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've worn glasses for as long as I can remember. From dorky wire frames worn by lacksquare La 12-year-old me, to the now Harry-Potter esque-style glasses that I've had since junior year of high school, I've always had some form of plastic or metal sitting on my face. They're my connection to the world, and without them the clearly defined lines and figures that make up my reality become a mesh of ambiguous unambiguous shapes and colors.

My glasses have enabled me to do something we're all guilty of doing; judging others. It's not the prettiest of habits, but it's human. It can help me create an initial impression of a person before actually meeting, or it could close off the possibility of meeting that someone entirely. It's a practice that allows us to hold the appearance of others to a certain standard. Often, that standard is one that we ourselves can't attain. I know I couldn't.

When I found myself walking to Club Alex on a rainy day, I decided to take my glasses off so that I wouldn't have awkward streaks of New Brunswick rain water on the lenses when I did decide to clean them.

Suddenly, those clear defined lines and figures turned into those ambiguous shapes and colors that were once so confusing. The faces and clothes that I once used to rate people on impossible scales were unidentifiable. The standard that I held people up to no longer existed, and as a result, I too, was no longer held up to that standard. In retrospect, I've come to a conclusion concerning my blurred vision ever a way to experience liberation, this would be it.





// IZILDA JORGE

t starts as a feeling. A thought. Quickly it comes to life on paper. A sketch hastily done in hopes of capturing the ephemeral idea. The original idea undergoes numerous transformations; taking up various pages of your sketchbook. To the audience, this phenomenon resembles chicken scratch at its finest. Miscellaneous scribbled words and haphazard arrows, blocks of unidentifiable shapes and layers of thick lines. To you, it is the blueprint.

Once you have settled on the version of the sketch you are most satisfied with, you begin to collect materials. Today, you felt it in your core that canvas is a must. Today, you are painting. To begin this journey, you must genuflect to the art gods and pray for a blessing. A swift self-deprecating journey, a painless death. As you prepare the palette and clean the blood off your sacrificial blades with relative ease, hope begins to form. The first steps are promising, the colors are mixed just right. You are unstoppable.

The next few days are fruitless. Demoralizing. You don't have as much time as you would prefer in each sitting you have. Sometimes you feel as though you are moving backward, re-blocking basic shapes, painting over mistakes, finding new mistakes, and eventually stopping yourself before your impulses get the better of you and hastily destroy the painting. This time, you decide to

listen to some music. Your break time consists of sipping leftover coffee and connecting with society. You then realize the time and remember that you missed dinner because of your recent endeavor. Exhaustion finally hits you, feeling the weight underneath your eyes and recognizing the faint blur to your vision. Despite this, you have no intentions of going to sleep. There is a feeling in your gut that this is the time; you know that tonight you will finish the painting.

There comes a moment of realization. It creeps on you slowly. You cease putting the final blots of color and definition, and the deep unrest that raged within you is no longer fervent. Cautiously, you take a few step backs, your eyes devouring the canvas a thousand times over. Satisfied, you store the canvas in a safe place to dry. You clean up your brushes in the leftover turpenoid. When you finally lay in your bed, you reflect on your newest creation. You begin to think of your other pieces. You start to think. Next time you want to use cool colors, perhaps break up the portrait into geometric figures, and use a larger surface. Maybe an acrylic background, use some accents of chalk pastels. The unrest has found its way back into your core. You won't notice until morning. Final Thoughts

SOCIAL MEDIA: STOP FUCKING WITH OUR FEEDS

// MICHAELA FELIX

remember the day it happened. I was doing my usual morning scroll through Instagram, still tucked away in the comfort of my bed—a safe place from the early summer heat and the impending social attack I was about to receive. As I scrolled past girls holding red solo cups from the summer night before and adorable puppies who reside in New York City, something seemed off. One quick glance at the time of the postings solved my five-minute

mystery; the Instagram algorithm had changed.

According to my good friend Google, an algorithm is defined as "a process or set of rules to be followed in calculations or other problem-solving operations, especially by a computer." This begs the question, however, for what problem did Instagram

have that they so desperately had to go and remove our precious chronological order?

The algorithm at play here is engagement based. Interact with someone enough times and the algorithm will detect that and declare them a Chosen One. These Chosen People are those who have garnered enough interaction from you that they will now be a priority to appear on your feed, no matter what time their photo was posted. This is what I like to call the Chosen People algorithm.

This Chosen People algorithm started with Facebook — Instagram's parent, if you will. Now, while I could care less about the platform that fosters the daily bigot rants of Middle American adults and weird farming games, the introduction of an algorithm catered to who and what you engage with the most turned my feed into a puppy and Tasty video palooza. I no longer see political posts or news posts in general because of Facebook's seemingly om-

niscient platform. Apparently, I only care about the young pups rolling around in the grass with their mom and how to make a cheesy buffalo chicken pull apart bread.

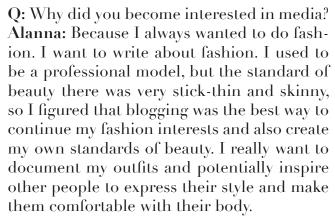
A year and a half later and you'd think the Social Media gods would hear our plebeian cries for things to go back the way they were (or just

the way they belong honestly). Chronological order is the only thing that makes sense. If I wanted to see a post from five days ago, I would just go on an Instagram spiral via the appropriate person's profile.

So, to Facebook, Instagram and any other social media platform that may be contemplating switching to an algorithm based feed - don't. It's more of a digital nuisance, if anything, and those of us who care about the pagination of our social media feeds do not care for it.







Q: Some people say that Instagram is harmful for one's mental health. Do you agree with that?

Alanna: Definitely. There is a lot of body positivity, but also shame on Instagram. It depends on which world you interact with on Instagram. You have to use it knowing that it may hurt you so that you don't allow it to happen. I used to be obsessed with it. When I have notifications on my phone, the light is on and I look at who likes my posts or how many likes I get. But now I turned it off. Instagram is a big part of my job, but I try not to be obsessed with the analytics, so now it doesn't consume my life anymore.



Q: What advice do you have for people who are suffering from these negative impacts of SNS?

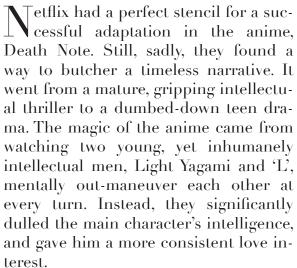
Alanna: There are many communities or pages that support body positivity or a variety of mental issues. I would say don't shy away from them. I personally had a hard time, but one day, I realize that this is the body that I have. After years and years, I was trying and finally got the point. It did not just happen, I was working on it for a long time.

Q: What is your future goal?

Alanna: My plan is continue growing my blog as big as possible to be able to inspire people positively as much as I can. Then, I want to have my own PR firm so that diverse people can represent their brand. I plan to go to graduate school for PR because I want to be able to use social media. Also I'm going to go to South Africa for childcare volunteering

I cannot wait!

You can follow Alanna's success story on Instagram at @alannanicolex, and on her website and blog, alannanicolex.com.





/ Frankie

Peake

E asily one of the best animes of our childhood, Death Note still holds a place near and dear to my heart. Complex, dark, and deadly, Death Note plays on the dangers of the human God complex, quite literally assigning young Light Yagami the power to murder whomever he wishes, whenever he wishes it. The show's greatest strength derives from the intelligence in its writing; witnessing Light outsmart special detective and super

genius, L, is the most enjoyable part of the show. Light's energy and conviction force you to become complicit in his actions, com-// Kaye The Anime! plicit in the murders you witness. The more Rhoads you watch, the easier it becomes to side with Light, despite knowing the consequences of what he does; Light's intelligence compels you to root for him, and it is simultaneously both horrifying and easy to watch him outsmart every obstacle thrown in his way, murdering people he doesn't know with the simple stroke of his pen. The art in Death Note the anime lies in the complexity of its writing, and its take on humanity's darker judgements.

NOW ENTERING OUR

DREAMS DREAMS DREAMS

Life, Lucidity, and Linklater // ADAM YAWDOSZYN

Taking Life is Richard Linklater's most overpowering film. The viewer travels through the unnamed main character's lucid dream, and all along the way he or she is bombarded with stunning visuals and powerful ideas. In a conversation about his dream, the protagonist aptly describes the movie as "lotta people, lotta talking, I don't know some of it was kind of absurdist like from a strange movie or something. It mostly was just people going off about whatever, really intensely."

Everything is constantly changing. Each new shot brings a different dazzling style of animation, and every new person sheds light on a flurry of paradigm shattering ideas. All of the individual pieces are secure, grounded and sure of themselves, but the greater picture gives the viewer the opposite impression, leaving them questioning what any of it could possibly mean. As the movie progresses, we are only left with more questions: Is the main character still dreaming? Does he agree with what these people are saying? Do I? Is he even alive right now? Am I?

The psychological effects of *Waking Life* can be disturbing at first. My initial experience with the movie happened to come just after my first lucid dream. While I couldn't keep

control of the situation, it was the first time that I had actually realized that I was inside of a dream. When I watched the movie the next day, it spoke to me on a disturbingly close level. Here was this character who kept believing he was awake, but was really still within his lucid dream. Could it be possible that I was still within mine? I regularly checked the clock during transition scenes to make sure that I was awake, and even flipped a couple light switches right after the movie ended. Even though these signs confirmed that I was no longer asleep, part of me thought that I might still be dreaming. To this day I am not entirely sure if I have woken up, or if I ever want to.

Waking Life's beauty comes from both its impressive animation and its ability to inspire these sorts of existential crises. The movie challenges preconceptions about individuality, existence, humanity and the self. I don't believe that there is any one lesson that Linklater wants his viewers to take from Waking Life. Instead, the director provides us with a plethora of possible lessons, from which we can pick and choose what we agree with or find most important. Waking Life is a movie of questions rather than answers, so, as the protagonist says, "it's up to me, I'm the dreamer."

The streets are flowing with blood. Anarchy has consumed Times Square, and the MTA has raised subway fare for the 107th time this year.

What is the first thing you do?

You look for your siblings, parents, and friends. All of whom are inexplicably evenly dispersed throughout the city. You finally see your mom. With a cry of relief, you immediately run to and embrace her with whatever energy you have remaining. --But something's wrong. You hear a crack — not like the crack of a bone, but something more brittle, more fragile.

You immediately back away to discover that your mom, along with all of your loved ones, were actually made out of paper mouchet the whole time, and with that much-needed hug of desperation, you crushed her like the volcano that just lost you the junior high science fair.

You wake up and realize you're having a nightmare. A nightmare exactly like one that dominated my adolescent REM stage sleep cycles.

While disturbing, as a child I had a reoccurring dream that I killed everyone I cared about by hugging their paper mouchet bodies.

Naturally, I am intrigued as to what dreaming about around physically crushing everyone I know says about me. And, being the narcissist that I am, I'm going to write a listacle about it.

I decided to put my background in amature dream analytics (not true) and mediocre critical thinking abilities to the test, narrowing it down to three possibilities.

1. I will always end up pushing away the people I love most.

Probably the most realistic. Kind of tropey and unoriginal; I'd like to think my unconsciousness can do better.

2. I'm destined to be a serial killer.

Maybe I'm a little more sadistic than I like to let on. Maybe i fantasize about squeezing people so tightly that they burst open like a Danimals[®] Crush Cup™. I mean I'm certainly not there yet, but I'm young. I'm only 21! I have plenty of time to fall deep into the pit of sociopathy.

3. It's just that thing where you want to crush cute things, except it's everyone I care about.

My only explanation for this is that your brain has so much difficulty processing such high levels of cuteness that it's only solution is to destroy it immediately. I swear this is a real, googleable thing so get over it and stop lying to yourself. I could write a whole article on this. Anyway, I think I have this but for some reason I am so overwhelmed with love for these people that I want to squeeze the life out of them.

But which one is it? Well, it could be all of them, or none of them. I don't know, I'm not a scientist. I'm just a kid, with a bad dream.





I am someone who has had an unfortunate number of head injuries.

The last one was nearly five years ago, and I was in and out of consciousness for about 45 minutes. The symptoms and lasting effects of this last one were with me for months after the initial trauma. One of those lasting effects was severe paranoia, which was accompanied by a recurring dream that, although I have not had in almost four years, still sends a shiver down my spine.

In order to understand this dream, context is important. The athletic trainer at my former high school was one of the most influential people in my life. Being that I was regularly injured and became a symbol for head injuries and prevention at our school, we became very close. I confided in her and trusted her.

However, the last concussion made things take a turn.

The nightmare begins by me roaming around my high school at night, dazed and confused. I can still recall me trying to escape by banging on the stairwell doors. One door after the next, the the anxiety builds with every moment. I can imagine that this was the point when I begin to sweat on the outside.

As the tension in my body grows, I am walking down one of the main hallways. I see someone standing with their back toward me, and I call out. The person begins to slowly turn, and it is only when they are about halfway turned around that I notice that they are dressed in all black. I then notice the mask—all white with paint.

I begin to step back. And as soon as I do, the person begins to walk towards me, quicker and quicker as I try to flee. As they get closer, I find a gun in a corner and shoot. I shoot until the clip runs out. The body lay face down. As I gingerly approach the corpse and remove their mask, the lifeless eyes of my Athletic Trainer stare me right in the face.

I drop her and run. Strangely enough, I am finally able to open a door to a stairwell, but this door opens to an airplane. I try to find a seat. The plane is seemingly empty until I begin to feel an extreme pain in my abdomen. I get up to try to breathe and notice more and more people with the same mask in the back of the plane walking toward me. I run to the cockpit only to find three people looking at me through cameras. They then turn around and I am consumed by the vision of their masks.

I run out of the plane in haste, into the school and am charged by more people in masks. I am finally caught and when I find the courage to open my eyes and look through the pain of the beating, I realize that it is me and my Athletic Trainer who are doing the beating. It is then when I wake up, struggling to breathe drenched in my own sweat.

Watching Dorothy and her friends getting swarmed by flying monkeys was no trouble, nor was watching the Wicked Witch of the West flying around on a bicycle in the middle of a tornado. But I never knew how scary something like The Wizard of Oz could be until I experienced it for myself. Since watching said film, a childhood fear of losing a best friend to a witch manifested itself in the form of a dream. Night after night, I was dropped off in Dreamland, forced to relive attacking monkeys and a creepy witch. But to my surprise every time, I was too helpless to do anything.

THE DREAM...

It seemed to be the perfect day; the sun was shining, flowers were blooming, etcetera, etcetera. My best friend Justin and I were doing what kids do best, just running around Dreamland aimlessly. Eventually we came across a road paved with a seemingly endless flow of yellow bricks. We didn't know where we were, but we didn't care, and we decided to follow the yellow brick road to see where we'd end up.

All seemed well for a time, but eventually the sky started to turn dark and dreary, and more and more plants seemed to be dying off with every step we took; even the air seemed to feel thicker and heavier. And that's when things changed for the worse.

The sound of flapping wings echoed through my ears as a flock of hundreds of flying monkeys wearing little blue jackets and fezzes attacked us. They smacked and scratched us with their claws until we were too weak to protect ourselves. That's when they whipped up fierce gusts of wind with their wings, blowing me away while simultaneously sucking Justin up into the sky. There was nothing I could do but watch as the monkeys carried Justin off into the distance. Determined to help my friend, I willed my-



self to my feet and continued to follow the yellow brick road in the same direction in which the monkey's took Justin. It didn't take long before, in the midst of the desolate terrain, I found a perfectly assembled gingerbread house with flowers, frosting, and peppermints. The yellow brick road led right to the front steps of the house, so I figured that's where Justin had to be.

I walked right through the front door but no one seemed to be there. I looked around until I found him; Justin was locked in a Tweety Bird-esque birdcage in the corner of the gingerbread house! I ran over to him to try and unlock the cage but it was no use looked pale and drained of all energy but was still able to hold himself up against the bars of the cage. My nerves were on edge and my hands were shaking, but the lock wouldn't budge. And that's when I saw it out of the corner of my eye, long nasty fingernails attached to a green wart-ridden hand on my shoulder. I slowly looked up, first seeing Justin's face paralyzed with fear, followed by the Wicked Witch of the West laughing beside me, showing off her bright yellow teeth. I was unable to move, scream or run, so I did the only thing I could do opened my eyes.

WHAT'S DREAM?

From Disney to Shakespeare, dreams have always been a common reference across time and space, knowing no culturally constructed or societal bounds. But what really is a dream? Do we have control over our dreams? These are some questions I implore upon readers as I begin to divulge the topic known as "The Dream."

The term "dream" can be analyzed in a number of ways. For instance, the Merriam-Webster Dictionary defines "dream" in several forms. Two of the most regarded definitions include: "a series of thoughts, images, or emotions occurring during sleep," and, "a strongly desired goal or purpose." While people may have their own connotations with the word, that is not enough to keep me satisfied. This makes me want to further analyze its meaning.

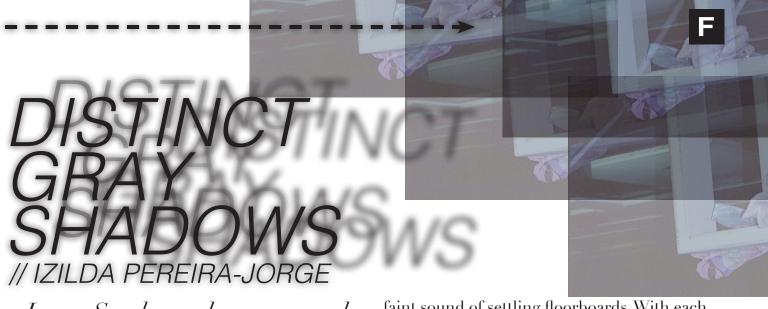
In William Shakespeare's, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespeare attacks the notion that is "The Dream." I will not go into specifics of the plot, but the play leaves you questioning if society can truly believe in its dreams. Before reading the play, I had never considered the meaning of a dream. In every city, during every night, people go to sleep and have dreams. Some people feel helpless in their dream world, as it is filled with nightmares. Others dream of peaceful things that they may forget later. A certain number of people manage to control their sleeping worlds through lucid dreaming.

//CASSANDRA ROSARIO

Whatever the case may be, every single person goes to bed and dreams up some sort of alternate reality.

While some definitions led to a lack of control of dreams, others lend to quite the opposite effect. A dream can also be something that one desires; it is something that is longed for by a specific human being. My dreams for the future may be quite different than another's, but that does not invalidate either of our dreams. In one famous Disney song, one can hear the echo of accomplishing their dreams. It is noted that, "maybe someday the dreams that you wish will come true." If that is the case, then dreams are completely determined by the sole individual — the dreamer. The dreamer dreams a dream because they believe that one day that dream will become reality.

For some, all of this back and forth banter about dreams and dreaming can be tiring. However, that does not make it any less important. Although these illusions can simply be regarded as fantastical, there is something much more crucial about them. There is a need to understand these fantasies because they are among a select group of things that makes people feel equally in and out of control. One can only hope but to make sense of them. While society may not be able to fully comprehend or answer essential questions about dreams, it is important that we define them on our own terms.



Jovan Snyder woke up around 2AM on January 17th, 2017.

The panic began to set in when she realized she couldn't move her limbs. Her heart started pounding rapidly, fear consumed her every thought. After numerous failed attempts to will any part of her body to move, she remained in a constant state of paralysis until the sunlight crept into her room. Needless to say, she didn't get much sleep that night.

Hallucinations were common. By the next few weeks, she would feel the numbing effects of pins and needles along her legs as a creeping weight would sink into her chest. She found it hard to breathe at times. Some nights her mind was reacquainted sleep again, other nights she fared worse, experiencing a continuous sensation of falling as her stomach rollicked up and down with each wave of nausea.

When I spoke to Jovan about her last encounter of sleep paralysis, I was surprised to hear that it was six months ago. She described it as the same typical experience, except the hallucinations were much stronger and abstract. Jovan recalled the distinct gray shadows that curled along the walls of her room and the

faint sound of settling floorboards. With each instance she opened and closed her eyes, a particular shadow grew bolder, larger, and nearer in proximity. The pit of her stomach pulsed in dread, her mouth ran dry. It became more defined; it became too close. She closed her eyes and steadily regained her breathing, easing away the anxiety that formed in her core.

Perhaps it was the unsightly sunken crevices of its leathery face, or how it loomed above her body, but she could not recall the words the creature had uttered. Each fiber of her being had ignited in hysteria, her hands useless at her sides as it leaned closer to her face. It was not like the other instances of paralysis she was accustomed to. Jovan emphasized that she could not move past this with the ease of a dream.

In a dream, you knew when you had awakened. She was in a semi-conscious state, perpetually pulled between distorted reality and vague illusions. In the moment, it felt immutably real. She blinked a final time, shaking herself awake almost instantly, and able to draw her arms around her. The air was cold, moonlight casting silver streaks across the floor. Jovan held herself and eyed the shadow in the back corner before regaining sleep once more.

She hasn't experienced sleep paralysis since.

SVEET DISKIN



Decked out in a cyan colored, flannel Disney princess two-piece, a seven-year old version of myself strutted down the stairs in a pair of fuzzy bunny slippers and into my mom's office to share with her the details of my dream from the night before. With fierce exuberance, I detailed the decadent dream I had about my prospective wedding cake a seven-tiered yellow cake frosted in strawberry and vanilla buttercream, drizzled in Hershey's chocolate syrup, filled with pretzels and peanut butter cups, decorated with marshmallows and a warm peanut butter drizzle.

At the time, such a cake was quite literally a dream for a sweet-toothed seven year old, but now, as a grown up (sort of), my appetite for such a dessert dwindled. As a child, our dreams are filled with a blissful idealism and taste for the absurd, but with age our dreams become more rooted in reality and the self-doubt goes that along with it.

After hearing the cavity filled details of my dream, my mom decided to write it all down. I had completely forgotten about the transcription until I was looking through a sketchbook of my mother's and stumbled upon the note she saved after all of these years (pictured on following page). Looking at the outlandish dreams I once had laid out on white paper in black ink, I got to thinking.

At age seven, I wanted peanut butter drizzled on a strawberry buttercream-filled cake served at my wedding to Jesse McCartney. At age seventeen I wanted to marry my high school boyfriend and follow his band on tour taking photos in hopes of becoming the next Annie Leibowitz. Now, at 20 and over halfway into my college career, my dreams are not dreams but lists of short term and long term goals.

With age, dreams seem to become fixated on attainability; perhaps settling for the major that you think might get you a job right out of college. Journalism majors turn to careers in marketing or PR. Musicians become music educators. Culinary artists revert to chemistry degrees. It could be concluded that a lucrative career as a film major right out of college would be marshmallows dipped in peanut butter on your wedding cake ... not realistic.

When we are young, jaded adults instruct us to savor our youth. They tell us that the world is our oyster. I'm not sure when I stopped being the envied youth and started being the envious adult, but I think it was around the time my financial advisor presented me with my calculated post-grad student loan debt.

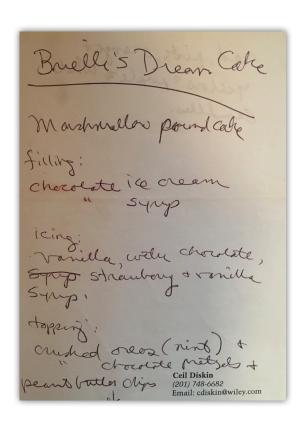


The bunny slipper wearing, lip-syncing rock star is still in there somewhere. She is the one pushing me to reach towards a degree in journalism and film studies; the girl who stayed up late watching movies on her miniature dvd player; the girl who wanted to be an activist and documentary film maker at age nine.

We all still have that kid in us who wants to be the president, or discover the cure for cancer. When we go to sleep at night, our dreams occur within our subconscious and even though we sometimes remember them, we just as often lose them come the rising dawn. In a sense, that affect replicates itself in our lives as we grow older. Our dreams from childhood either stay with us, or they become forgotten as the sun of reality rises and casts its shadow over our post-adolescent idealistic college student selves.

The extravagant seven layer tiered cake becomes a classic three tiered buttercream with chocolate ganache—an equally rich and delicious selection, however maybe a bit more within our price range. Nevertheless, the principle is still the same; it is a whole-hearted love for bizarre creativity. It is about having faith in your dreams no matter how obscure they are.

"...but with age, our dreams become more rooted in reality and the self doubt that goes along with it."





Was your dream last night a sign? Probably not.

Dreams, while they are an important window into our subconscious, do not predict the future. Dreams have no ability to allow us to peer forward in time and tell our subconscious, let alone our conscious, what will happen. It may seem like our dreams are telling us to do things because they will benefit us, or make us happy, but they are really just the deepest part of ourselves telling us what we want. Our lust for something may be so strong that our subconscious will beg and plead us to go get it, even if it isn't good for us.

Dreams, in a way, are just bullshit. I came to this realization the summer before senior year of highschool. I had just been broken up with by my first girlfriend and was in a rut.

Now, to give a little background, I am a very deep sleeper. I sleep through alarms and cannot be woken up without someone yelling at me or slapping me around. I don't remember many dreams, and the ones I do are spotty. However, that summer I had one that stuck in my mind.

I dreamt that I was leaving Shoprite when I bumped into her. She was crying and hug-

ging me, and telling me she missed me and needed me. It felt so real, I couldn't figure out if it actually happened. I was very skeptical about the dream and its meaning, but the rut I was in made me irrational and emotional.

I wanted to talk to her so badly, and the dream functioned as the sign my emotional self oh-so-desperately needed. I was convinced my dream had permitted me a glimpse of the future; a glimpse of us getting back together. So I texted her.

"Hey", I said.

"Hey" She replied.

This led into a pretty bland conversation, and it ended just as awkwardly as it started. Soon after, I got a text from her new boy-friend telling me to stop talking to his girl-friend. I screenshotted the message and sent it to her, then blocked them both.

I was heartbroken. I isolated myself from my dreams after that. Through the pain, I was able to, thanks to my past self and his experiences, realize that dreams are not as powerful as we make them out to be. The fake realities that we create in our dreams are completely removed from our actual reality. Believing otherwise, in my opinion, is bullshit.

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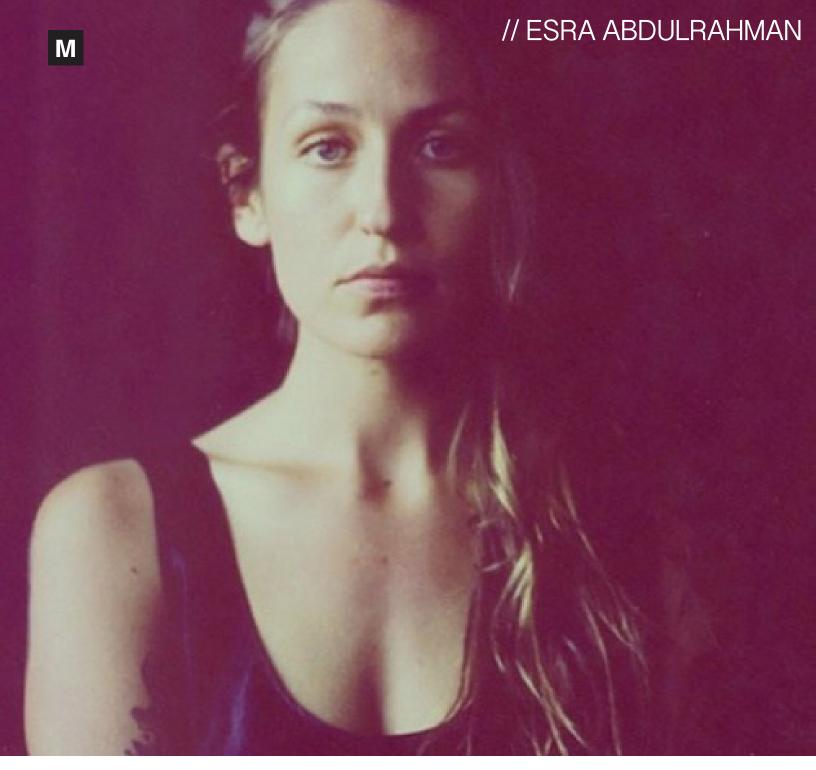
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EXERPENIENCE EXEMPLAINAGE

ate August tends to bring with it the warm, slightly out of focus nostalgia that makes people ache for the season they spent sweating and cursing through. For me, it brought a serendipitous musical release that perfectly evokes that soft placidity. Domino Kirke, longtime independent songstress, dropped her debut album Beyond Waves on August 25th. Domino is a character, starting from the unconventional name (allegedly after British bounty hunter Domino Harvey), and extending to her family's reach in the New York art scene. Her father, Simon Kirke, was a drummer in classic rock bands Bad Company and Free. Her sisters Jemima and Lola are actresses. She even has another career as a doula and head of a doula collective.

I discovered Domino through an Instagram post by her sister, Lola, who acts in Mozart in the Jungle. The Beyond Waves album cover is a simple timeless photo of Domino, with a serene expression and natural light illuminating the right side of her face. The songs on the album play on that still gentleness, suspending dust motes in lazy afternoon sunbeams. Domino's green vocals venture through descriptions of family relations and affection, and the tenderly plucked guitars intimately weave the listener into each song. Listening to the album conjures memories almost the way looking through a photo album does. Its spirit is nurturing and familiar.

The warmth and hominess of Domino's voice becomes even more pronounced live, especially from three feet away. At her album debut show, the songstress took the mic at Joe's Pub, an artsy venue with a stage at the center of a two-leveled, cozy eatery in the



Bowery. The food was gourmet, the lights dim, and the walls decorated with prints of previous performers, including the likes of Patti Smith. My friend Maria and I arrived an hour early, giving us time to order an exorbitantly priced and unbelievably small dish of fried squash with a special seasoning. We picked at it like birds in the attempt to quell our excitement, and we discussed life and what-have-you while we ordered dessert, another expensive but larger item.

Finally, the lights went dim, the band took the stage, and Domino Kirke stood before us, beautifully glowing in the warmth of the room. Her voice flooded the venue not with terrible strength, but rather with emotion and the accompaniment of fanciful basslines and the mid-tempo beat. The guitar chased Domino's words, dipping in and out with the tone of a melancholic Beach Boys solo. Domino sang of family, motherhood, childbirth, heartache, and loneliness. Songs like "O'Kane" welcomed a deep sorrow, and the songs "Picture" and "Half Blood" were purely magical as Domino's voice trembled and the guitarist plunged into creative solos. But to each song was the steady presence of hope and comfort, cleverly embedded in the musical poetry. The show was very short, only an hour long, as Domino remarked in her British accent, "You could still go out after this for the night!" And indeed Maria and I did.

At the end, as a passionate fan would, I yelled up, "Love you, Domino!" I was greeted with a warm smile and an excited wave back. Before returning to Penn Station, we stumbled into the feast of San Gennaro in Little Italy, eating delightfully inexpensive deep fried Oreos, and I took in the lights and crowd and music with a dazed stare. The air was warm and light, and despite the jostling and the noise, I was flooded with a sensation I can only liken to serenity.

Listen to Domino's music here: https://soundcloud.com/dominokirke

Musicians Don't Owe Us Anything

ow before I start this article, I just want to recognize that I was once like the people I am about to criticize. I too was someone who expected artists to one-up themselves with every release, sympathizing with stories of audiences disappointed with performances, and hyping the unreleased albums of artists who had seemingly fallen off of the face of the planet.

But there's a problem with doing all of that. Artists make the conscious choice to share their music with us. They are in no way obligated to release new tracks, exhaust their bodies to no end putting on shows every night, and deal with the backlash for those who can't perceive the vision they had for their own music. We as the audience have the tendency to put massive amounts of pressure on artists to be at 110 percent in every step of their career, lest we become disappointed if they aren't.

There are copious amounts of examples where devoted listeners voice their complaints of the perceived shortcomings of their beloved artists. Childish Gambino's latest record Awaken, My Love introduced a completely new sound for the Georgia native. While its single Redbone spurred an interesting meme run, the new soulful sound ultimately disappointed many listeners who had grown accustomed to Glover's quick rapping style embedded with clever (or corny) puns and his role as a celebrated oreo (a black person that exhibits "white" personality trait) in the black community.

In the same vein, Frank Ocean's five year hiatus from releasing music caused much speculation and hype on social media that when he released not only one but two albums in one go, the the wait almost outshined the releases themselves. It produced another moment of "I wasn't expecting this sound but I guess I'll have to go with it" syndrome among those voicing their concerns over social media.



There's always a vocalized impression from the public that sophomore albums and music released thereafter must be greater than the ones that came before it, and while it's great to see a musician's growth through their art, it doesn't have to be considered a flop or a failure just because it doesn't align with what we understand their sound should be.

Maybe it's a severe case of music related group think thanks to social media or people just expecting so much from people they don't know, but musicians essentially have zero responsibility to us. We're just spectators in their careers, if you will.

As for musicians, their music doesn't have to change, just the way we look at how they deliver their gift to us.

Localdes Gary Burton has earned over his 57 year career, but that would take up the whole page. To name a few, the jazz vibraphonist has released 57 albums, won six Grammys, and completely revolutionized the way his instrument is played.

Gary Burton started his life off in Indiana, where he taught himself to play the vibraphone, a fairly obscure mallet instrument. At the time, the majority of mallet instrumentalists played with only two mallets. Milt Jackson, Lionel Hampton, and Red Norvo all rarely, if ever, ventured into the world of four mallets. That all changed when Gary Burton hit the scene. In a National Public Radio (NPR) Tiny Desk Concert featuring Burton and guitarist Julian Lage, he explained, "I grew up in a farm town in Indiana. I played alone. It was too empty, I needed harmony." His education in piano allowed him to start applying jazz piano theory and style to the vibraphone and created an entire new playing, musical style and mallet grip (now known as the Burton grip).

Soon after, Burton recorded the first of many studio albums, *New Vibe Man in Town*. This also signified the begin-

ning of his touring career, where Burton rocked the jazz world with his new technique. In my opinion, Burton's hit his stride with the release of his 1971 album *Alone at Last*. This short but sweet album features seven tracks of Burton's solo vibe work (as well as a bit of organ and piano from him as well), mostly covers of other jazz artists. With the background stripped away, Burton is able to let his intricate melodies and chords shine, a feat that is simply incredible to witness.

But earlier this year, Burton made the difficult decision to end his playing career for good. After suffering a heart attack in 2013, he lost his perfect pitch, and with that his playing ability suffered as well. Intending to go out while. still with his abilities, he organized a 13 show tour, alongside Japanese pianist Makoto Ozone to end his career.

The final days of careers have been emotional for longtime Gary Burton fans, including myself, but his revolutionary vibraphone abilities have changed the face of jazz as well as mallet percussion. Burton never did waste a day of his 57 year career, and his music will continue to be played from jazz clubs to elevators for years to come.



pot·pour·ri /'pōpə'rē/ (noun)

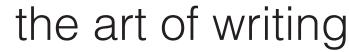
a miscellaneous collection of things, especially a musical or literary medley

[hometown nostalgia]

christie stared directly into the pupils of the fourteen-day-old baby knowing that her own have sprouted like weeds and drifted away into the horizon and started having meaningless sex with women (do you ever cry while making love?) consuming copious amounts of blue moon and not consciously thinking of her like they used to when our brows would weep with sweat in the heat of the swim club when i would wrap myself in a towel and pretend to be a worm in a cocoon and pray that i would eventually evolve into a stage-five butterfly and what time does his camp bus come, eliza's autistic sister would ask over and over again she was always fixated on automobiles, perhaps due to their impeccable timeliness *eight-forty-five* i'd say with a wandering glare and last year i drove by the swim club and saw a flock of ducks perched on our hill wait, no, they were not ducks, i thought; aliens, maybe, but not ducks and last week i drove by the swim club and saw nothing because it was dark and it was the eve of october and it was closed for the school year and i am still waiting to become a butterfly.

-jam





// caelan sujet

can remember watching my mom write the grocery list. Her **⊥**pen would glide across the page, ducking and diving back and forth in some mysterious unknown language I was unfamiliar with. I was in awe at how quickly she was able to scribble what looked like beautiful nonsense. I used to mimic my mother's movements, but it never looked quite the same. It was my fascination with her grocery list that birthed my interest in handwriting.

When I first arrived in elementary school and was introduced to script, I thought it looked incredible, but it was too hard. The fancy curls and extra lines quickly made me lose interest; I stuck to print. It wasn't until my freshman year of highschool I discovered a master penman, Jake Weidmann. My eyes were opened, and I understood writing was not just a means of communication, it was also an artform. After further research, it turns out that looking at someone's handwriting can be informative and reveal if someone is introverted or extraverted, comfortable or nervous. It is a part of who we are, and it might not be around in a century.

When people started typing and stopped writing, a part of our history started to degrade, dragging the artform with it. Handwriting has character and personality. While some choose Times New Roman 12pt font, others spend time animating the paper. Clean crisp lines sashay across the page as bold flourishes shout for attention. Ink feathers at a moment of hesitation before the writer scribbles indecipherable words, only available to their keen eye. Letters clash, searching for their place in the pools of ink that form a chaotic scene. Some letters stand strong against the test of time, others fall weak, relying on their neighbors for support. Writing is a performance--when our pen strikes the page, we leave a bit of ourselves with it.

These are the telling details lost on a screen. On a screen, there is no struggle; there is no flare; there is no life. Our handwriting may not compare to what it was centuries ago, but it still bleeds personality and tells a story of its own. An individual's handwriting is like a fingerprint; no two people write exactly the same way. Although not everyone treats writing like an art form, for some of us it is much more than words on paper.







// DIVYA PARIKH

n the corner of my room lies a sleek, black acoustic guitar--the product of an impulsive Amazon purchase and rash desire to become more musically inclined. My guitar skills are sophisticated enough to let me play the simple four-chord song "Riptide," killing about two minutes before the melody ages and boredom sets in.

In a black storage ottoman under my desk are notebooks dating as far back as the eighth grade, patiently awaiting the day I wish to reread rudimentary notes on the Renaissance or conjugation of the verb "avoir."

In my closet hangs a garish, pink dress I purchased while vacationing in California and have worn zero times. The large floral designs, which had once seemed so appealing, now hide in the depths of my closet. The number of times I have used each of these objects since their addition to my room can be counted on one hand. Yet, when faced with the task of throwing them away, my resolve falters--a chorus of "what ifs"

haunts my impending action. What if I decide to become a rockstar, but don't have the instrument to do so? What if ugly, pink dresses become a fashion trend, and I discarded my only one? What if an alien army launches a missile at our planet and the only answer to disarming their weapon lies in my eighth grade geometry notes? The possible impossibilities outweigh the strength of my hand, and I set my belongings back to their original locations.

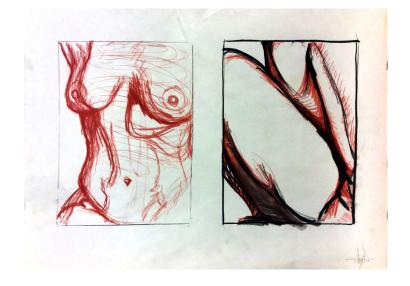
Much like the clutter of my room is the clutter of my mind. Full of random jokes I remember from TV shows, stories I overhear while in line at Starbucks, and odd facts from the deepest corner of Google, my mind is scattered with information. Thus comprises a similarly assorted personality, with some traits I use frequently, some that conflict others, and some that remain dormant. The world is so rich with information that to skew myself to simply one direction would be to limit the walls of my mind. I know this because I have done it.







// izilda pereira-jorge



// faith franzonia



